

Charlevoix County Herald.

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EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1918.

No. 40

The Fourth Liberty Loan

East Jordan District Has \$40,000 Yet to Fill Quota

The Fourth Liberty Loan opened in the East Jordan District last Saturday morning with a quota of \$109,000 to raise. The district comprises the City of East Jordan and townships of South Arm, Wilson and Eveline.

Up to Friday morning, when the list of subscribers was compiled, the District had voluntarily subscribed a total amount of \$69,000. This leaves \$40,000 yet to be raised. Those who have not already subscribed to this loan are urged to call and make their subscriptions. This will relieve the committee responsible for raising the quota a considerable amount of unnecessary work.

THE HONOR ROLL FOR EAST JORDAN DIST.

Below is a list of those who have voluntarily subscribed to the Fourth Liberty Loan. This list includes the three wards of East Jordan and the townships of Eveline, South Arm and Wilson. The names are alphabetically arranged but the precincts are unclassified. There are undoubtedly some errors in the names and these will be gladly rectified.

E. A. Ashley
E. I. Adams
Chas. R. Alexander
William Aldrich
Jacob Anderson
Charles E. Ashley
William H. Alexander
Bert R. Arnston
Mike Addis

—B—

John M. Barney
W. R. Barnett
F. E. Brotherton
L. G. Balch
Frank Behling
E. L. Burdick
Mrs. R. O. Bisbee
G. W. Bechtold
Mrs. G. W. Bechtold
Wm. T. Boswell
Vernon D. Barnett
Roy Bishaw
C. A. Brabant
Ethel E. Brintnall
G. A. Bell
Frank L. Bretz
Geo. Bogart
Edward Bellinger
Margaret Brown
Mary Brown
Kenneth Blossie
Wm. F. Bashaw
Bernard Bowen
Glenn Brennan
Bernard Brennan
Mrs. Carrie Bonnette
Frederick Bergman
Philip Bishaw
Keith Bartlett
Robert Barnett, Jr.
Ben H. Brock
Ira D. Bartlett
Edward Bradford
Fred H. Bennett
Edward Borland
Mrs. Bessie Bennett
Glen Bulow
John P. Bickler
H. C. Blount

—C—

James Cihak
Curtis Coonan
J. Alden Collins
Walter M. Cook
Chas. C. Coykendall
Henry Clark
Harry Coonan
Mrs. Josephine Clark
George Carr
Hazel A. Conway
Geo. F. Chapman
J. E. Chew
Henry Cook
Joseph Cihak
H. J. Carpenter
E. C. Couch
H. H. Cummings
John D. Cutler
Geo. Crawford
Herbert Chorpeneing
W. S. Carr
Frank Cook
Levi J. Calkins
Charles Cox
Geo. W. Crawford
Mrs. Vershla Canda
Albert Coucher
Mrs. Maria Crowell
James R. Coldren
Frank LeRoy Cole
Thomas Crothers
June W. Coon
Basil C. Cummings

Louis Cobb
Mrs. A. Cameron

—D—

A. L. Darbee
Bert Danforth
A. Danto
R. H. Davis
A. Dean
John Dolezel
Mrs. H. W. Dicken
Dick W. Dicken
Hugh Charles Dicken
Mrs. Clara Depew
Felix Detlaff
Charles F. Dickinson
Alva Davis
Gladys W. Davis
Earl Danforth
Rocco DeMaio
Oscar Dell

—E—

W. J. Ellison
East Jordan Lumber Co.
W. F. Empey
Burdett Evans
Nels Erickson
Clifford J. Evans

—F—

Andrew Francis
Milo F. Fay
W. H. Fuller
Louis Fitch
W. G. Fortune
A. W. Freiberg
Earl Farmer
Arthur W. Farmer
Mrs. Walter Fowler
Ellagene French
Mrs. W. A. French
Kathryn French
Walter L. French
Hugh Francis Francis
Chas. F. W. Freese
John Fitzgibbons
Mrs. Clyde G. Fuller
Martha Freiberg
Mrs. Eugene Fuller
Mrs. A. E. Fay

—G—

Giles & Hawkins
James Gidley
F. J. Gruber
Mrs. F. J. Gruber
Robert Gunsolus
Harry S. Gregory
Arthur Gagnon
Herman Goodman
Lon Graves
D. E. Goodman
Noah Garberson
Earl Gee
George Geck
Morris Gee
Marshall Griffin, Jr.
Marshall Griffin, Sr.
Ray Gee
Jacob H. Graff
Felix Gagnon
Philip B. Gothro
F. Hazel Gill
C. Gerner
Arthur Gidley
Florence L. Gleason
Claud Gikerson
D. Gaunt
Laura Giles
Edward Gallagher
Leon Grant
James Gordon
Charles H. Gay
Ruben D. Gleason
Michael Gunderson
Louis Gass

—H—

Florine Hudkins
H. B. Hipp
Charles A. Hudson
A. K. Hill
Clyde Hipp
Hannah A. Hite
Glenn Holliday
H. G. Hipp
Frank J. Haney, Jr.
A. J. Hite
Chas. H. Hudkins
E. E. Merrington
Walter Hunsberger
W. E. Hawkins
James Howard
A. L. Hilliard
Ernest G. Howell
Cort Hayes
John Howell
Mrs. T. Hardy
J. E. Houghton
A. S. Hammond
Ernest Handy
William Havens
James A. Hart
Geo. Hayes
Samuel A. Hayden
Mrs. Sarah Ellen Harrison
James F. Handy
E. S. Havens
James Hignite
John M. Hart
Herbert H. Hart
Fred Holland
Chas. Hollingshead
Hans Hastad
Clyde E. Hollingshead
H. E. Hutton
Ernest Higby
Richard Hosegood
Kenneth P. Hathaway

Review Board Liberty Loan

Objects of Organization and the Committee in Charge.

As requested by the County Executive Committee of the Fourth Liberty Loan, we, the undersigned, have accepted the appointment and will act on the Review Board for East Jordan.

We enter upon this duty fully realizing the seriousness of the responsibility and all decisions of the Committee will be actuated only by a desire to see that this loan is evenly and fairly distributed.

We will try to see that every man in East Jordan buys bonds in proportion to his means.

We will see that no man is forced to buy more than his share of these bonds.

We will see that the man who, for financial reasons, is not able to buy any bonds is not persecuted.

It will not be the purpose of this committee to intimidate or drive people into undertaking more than their share but we wish the public to feel that rather than acting as dictators, we should be considered as advisors, and we earnestly request the hearty support and co-operation of the citizens of East Jordan.

W. P. Porter, Chairman.

A. J. Sufferin D. L. Wilson
R. O. Bisbee R. T. McDonald
A. K. Hill Arthur Farmer
Roscoe Mackey Alfred Rogers
Frank Stewart Kenneth Hathaway
James Gidley Roy Webster

The Chairman of the above committee has appointed to assist him this active committee:

A. K. Hill D. L. Wilson
Roscoe Mackey Chas. Coykendall
Frank Stewart Alfred Rogers

This committee will be in session daily each evening beginning Oct. 3rd. All subscriptions made by subscribers in East Jordan will be reviewed by this acting committee and if the amounts in its judgment are not what they should be, such subscribers will be asked to appear first before the active committee and if a mutually satisfactory conclusion cannot be reached, then such subscribers will be asked to appear before the entire committee for its final action.

Gaylord J. Hough
Peter C. Hegerberg
Frank Hinds
Everett G. Hough
James M. Howard
Blaine Harrington
Donna V. Hoyt
Mrs. Boyd Hipp

—J—

Rollin Jones
Elizabeth A. Joynt
Geo. Jacquays
Thomas Joynt
James W. Joslin
Cora Ingalls

—K—

Harry Kling
Dan Kale
J. R. Kenney
Fred Kowalski
Eph. Kidder
H. J. Korthase
Gus W. Kitsman
Wm. Kenny
Ed. Kowalski
Joseph Kenny
M. R. Keyworth
Wm. A. Kogomo
E. J. Kauffman
Joseph Kubicek
Hugh King
Philip King
Mrs. Arnold Kaiser
Frank Kitsman
Frank Kotalik

—L—

John B. Lalonde
B. L. Lorraine
Thomas Locke
Wm. H. Looze
Fred A. Longtin
Moses Lalonde, Jr.
John A. Lenoskey
John P. Lenhard
Fred Lalonde
Peter Lalonde
Leo Lalonde
Joseph A. Lalonde
Mary F. Larson
Fred Larson
Edward Earson
Margery Lemieux
Mary Lalonde
Clinton Lamerson
Mrs. Jennie Lalonde
Andrew Lalonde
Perry Looze
Archie Lalonde
Victor LeCroix

(Continued on Last Page)



Letters from Our Boys "Over There"

From VICTOR CROSS

(To his Parents—
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cross.)

Sunday, Sept. 1, 1918.

Dearest Mother and Father:—

It is Sunday again, but I am on dry land today. It was a great trip coming across, I was not sick at all, very few of the men were sick and not bad. We traveled by rail 24 hours after we reached this side. This is a good station where I am now, have a good place to sleep, and good things to eat.

The railroads here are awfully funny to look at, but they ride smoother than ours do. The box-cars hold 10 tons and it would take about a dozen cars to weigh as much as a Pullman.

We surely realize the war more and more as we travel through the country and see so many soldiers, and the women do all kinds of work, they even clean the streets, which is something I can't imagine an American woman doing, and when it comes to looks, the American girl can sure beat the girls on this side.

I suppose it will be sometime before I will get any mail from home, but you must write often to the address on that card, and I will get it sometime. You must not worry at all about me, because there is no chance of any danger. They only have us over here now to keep the Germans in, and they are afraid to show their boats at all.

I went to church this morning. It was a small stone church that would hardly hold the pipe organ at home, and the music they had was a little old organ that has not been tuned since St. Patrick was alive.

It seemed good to get on a road and walk. I do not know how long we will be here, but do not think it will be a great while. The weather here is much the same as it is at home this time of year. I don't think it gets very cold here in the winter. The country is hilly and the fields are awfully small, they use no fences at all, but they have hedges all over. The people seem awfully slow and backward. The people talk as if they thought the war will be over in a few months. No one can wish more than I do that it will end soon. The Navy is surely the best branch of the service to be in, but it is nothing like home to me. I am always wondering how long it will be after the war ends, before they will send the men home.

I suppose the corn in the garden is about ready to eat by now. You must dry all you have time for, because there is nothing I miss as much as the things I had to eat. They feed us as well as we can expect, but when I get home I am going to try and eat until I am sick.

I will write as often as I can from now on, but you must not worry if you do not get mail very often as I might get on a boat where it is hard to reach a mail boat often. You write often and remember I am thinking of home and you always.

Your loving son,
A. V. CROSS.

From FLOYD E. WIGGINS

(To his Mother Mrs. Frank Wilson.)

Somewhere in France.
August 1918.

Dear Mother and All:—

Well being as we are located somewhere in France for a few days at least, will write you a few lines to let you know that I am O. K., and feeling fine and hope these few lines find you all the same. I wrote you a couple of cards from England. Did you get them all, if not I will say we arrived safely overseas and had a fine trip.

We have saw quite a few curious things on our trip, especially in France which we do not see in the U. S. I was in a church yesterday which was about three hundred years old and their is quite a lot of other old buildings where we are stationed, they are all built out of stone. The French people show us lots of courtesy and we are welcome to pretty near anything they have and I think it will continue that way unless some of the fellows queer it, which I do not think they will. The people here all drink wine with every meal, as the drinking water is very poor, so I guess that is the reason we are allowed to drink it certain times in the day, but I have only had one glass of wine and nothing stronger since my arrival overseas, so I guess that is pretty good.

Well this is about all I can write this time. Do you know what Truck Company brother enlisted in, if so let me know. Will close with love to all.

From Floyd.

My address is
PVT. FLOYD E. WIGGINS
Co. D. 310 Reg. of Engrs.
American Expeditionary Forces.

From J. T. NACHAZEL

(To L. G. Balch)

France, Aug. 27th

Friend Lee:—

How's everything. Well I promised myself that I'd write you but always neglected it, so I'll try and make up for it because I might kick in and then my promise wouldn't be worth much.

Well, old man, you know where old E. J. Co. is and we are the division on their left. They moved here the same time we did or a little after.

There's plenty of doings alright. This is open warfare to a great extent. We dig in when we get to a place and try to hold it. I remember distinctly one place where I had nine guns (I had eight and put up a Boche gun making nine). A young chap relieved me from our battalion and we made our way back, dodging shells. One hour after I was relieved the Boche came on. We layed out a pile of them but had to fall back as this was a bad position. Next night, however, it was retaken and all is serene again. Nothing doing but shelling and M.G. fire.

I told him I expected a counter attack and wished I were there to help him, but orders are orders and it might be next time. He sure ought to get the D. S. C.; I've known him a long while.

Reconnoitering positions in this man's country is "par bon." Just luck and Divine Providence. At one time I was the only officer left. Gas. Have been gassed myself. Made me blind for three or four days, but am Jake now.

You should see some of the junk the Boche is issued for tobacco. Nothing but ground up oak leaves. I sent a package of it to Harry Curkendall for his tobacco store. They eat potatoes when they get them that are all dried up, skins and all. How they stand for it is more than I can say as a steady diet. We have plenty of tobacco. A runner when he comes up always if it's handy brings up mail and tobacco. You'll see the fellows, when it's their turn to rest, smoke a pill and read a letter while four feet above their heads the M.G. Boche bullets are sizzling. They act just like they would in target butts at Cheboygan, Mich.

Our outfit is resting in a wood and getting reorganized. A little machine gun drill to bring back pep, cooperation and discipline; gas drill, pistol practice. Take them down to a town four miles from here for a bath. Give them decent eats and they are ready

for another stab at it. If a fellow could get warm food in the far front it would be o. k., but he gets little sleep and cold food so he needs tuning up for a few days. As we are in relays we are o. k.

The enemy is not far from the guns in line. I've had M. guns 150 feet from the Boche line and the Boche didn't know it either. When he came over the other outfit who took our same positions sure soaked it to him and Jerry learned that the "American fools" thought they think they are, put one over on him.

I had a P. C. (post of command) in a hillside—a dugout 4x3—where I was most of the time except when the ball started rolling. Then of course we go along, darn the Boche, and tell the boys to "soak it to him" and maybe say "Well, Roberts, just get me a nice fat one." Roberts laughs and keeps busy with his gun team. A fellow could send home tons of Boche equipment. I just sent my dad a Boche mess kit. I used it for shaving when I lost my outfit. Also the bolt of a Mauser. I am enclosing a button taken off a Boche coat in the country the papers talk about.

I haven't ran into Winters, Spring, or that bunch, though I know where they are; but we never leave our command so they might live one kilometer (5-8 mile) from me and I'll never know it.

It's a strange coincident but I am a plumber and the other day I was asking my platoon their occupation in civil life. Here's the result—Platoon sgt., plumber; 1st section sgt., steam-fitter; 2nd sec. sgt., plumber; corp. 1st squad, gas-fitter; corp. 2nd squad, plumber; three privates 2nd squad, plumbers; corp. 3rd squad, plumbing manufacturer; two privates, fitters; 4th squad, steamfitter and three plumbers. My captain, a fine specimen of man and all man too, calls it the rough-neck platoon. She's some platoon.

Of course we have a few blank files but not many.

Well, Lee, my regards to all my friends and to the lady.

Must close. Hope you get this o. k.

Your friend,
"NAZY."

306th M. G. Bn.

From CARL SHEPPARD

(To his Mother—
Mrs. A. H. Sheppard)

Somewhere in France
American Ex. Forces

Dear Mother and All:—

I suppose you think I am dead, but not yet. The German never was born to get me. I am alive and feeling fine. I have been in England and am now in France. I can't tell where and could not if I did know. I am close enough that we have air raids here. England is a pretty place but France has it beat by a mile. I was in England about a week, then they shipped us across the channel. England is a rich fertile country and everything looks so pretty the way they have things arranged. Every foot is in grain or something. But the people in England I never could get along with, at least what I saw.

We were about (deleted) coming across. I was talking with some of the fellows here and they came across in (deleted). They were lucky I'll say. An officer took us for a sight-seeing trip in England, down through town and around, showing us some of the old castles and a church. He also showed us a table which some great king used when he was ruler of England.

And the funny part is we are not to the end of our journey yet. We still have a long way to go so I'm told. We never know where we are going anyway. Once in a while they tell us.

I never saw a stump fence in England; they are all hedge or stone. I saw lots of potatoes and grain. The weather is not bad; it rained once while I was there. The nights are cold and the days quite warm. They have awful heavy dew there, you can't sit on the grass there after dark—that was the first thing I learned.

Oh, yes; and if dad sees a Y. M. C. A. man, and he is around after money for the men over here, let him have what he can spare for they are certainly a great help over here. And what they have is free to the boys in uniform. They give band concerts and have a big time.

I don't know, but I look to be back by Christmas but don't look for me. There is no use of my giving war news I suppose. Wait until we get after them; we will make them run if they don't us.

Ask dad if he wants to follow me now like he did that time I was on the lakes.

We have some time with changing money here—it is not like American.

Well, I will close. By
CARL SHEPPARD
Company E, 388th Infy.